



AFTER
the
RAIN

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*Cleanliness Customs of
Children in Many Lands*

by

GRACE T. HALLOCK

AUTHOR, "DRAMATIZING CHILD HEALTH"

Co-AUTHOR, "THE LAND OF HEALTH"

AND OTHER STORIES

Introduction by

C. E. A. WINSLOW, DR. P. H.

PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC HEALTH, YALE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Illustrated by

LOU ROGERS and HOWARD SMITH

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INTRODUCTION

Food and drink are the first essentials of human, or of animal life. These once secured, our next need is for clothing and shelter, just as it was with our ancestors who lived in caves and hunted the mammoth and the sabre-toothed tiger for their skins as well as for their meat. Then, after the satisfaction of the animal and the savage instincts, comes the dawning of a higher ideal, in the desire for cleanliness.

Every worker in the field of public health must be grateful for an effort, such as is made in the present book, to stimulate an interest in the part played by soap and water in the promotion of human welfare. That dread disease of the Middle Ages, typhus fever, has been well-nigh banished from the world, simply because of the fact that civilized peoples have learned to keep their persons and their clothing clean; and certain phases of cleanliness, such as the thorough washing of the hands before meals, still play a most important part in preventing the spread of communicable disease.

Cleanliness and sanitation are, however, by no means synonymous terms. We must do much more than be clean if we would keep well, and there are many good reasons for cleanliness which have no connection with health. Health, cleanliness, and beauty are ends well worth pursuing in themselves as things splendid and desirable. If this book helps to promote in America the ideal of cleanliness for the sake of cleanliness, it will have rendered a good service.

It is a particular pleasure to note how Miss Hallock, with the discrimination which characterizes her graceful pen, has brought out her lesson by the telling of simple tales of the child life of people from far-off quarters of the globe. It may well be that state treaties and diplomatic conference will do less for the promotion of international good will than the sympathetic understanding by one nation of the ways of life and the habits of thought of another.

The neatness of Holland, the sportsmanship of Britain, the thriftiness of France, the virtues of other lands and other races, are here set forth with insight and with charm. Miss Hallock's tales help one to realize that the children of all mankind in different dress and through the medium of different customs, are seeking the same common ends and that the ideal of cleanliness is one of the most fundamental of those ends.

C.-E. A. WINSLOW.

BEFORE THE RAIN

Once there was a little cloud,
Very purple, very proud,
Growing larger, growing bolder
As the summer day grew older,
Till it could no longer hold
All the raindrops in its fold;
No, it could no longer hold them
Close enough to love and scold them.

Now the beat of tiny drums
Tells us that a shower comes.

*Listen, lads and lasses,
Your faces to the pane,
Wishing, wishing, wishing
That the rain would go to Spain.*

A BUSY VACATION DAY IN FRANCE

THE SONG OF THE FIRST RAINDROP

*Once I was a dewdrop cool,
Caught within a spider's net,
Flung across a violet,
By a river, where they dance
And wash their clothes
and sing of France.*

IT WAS the last day of the long vacation. Jean and Cecile were just waking up in the big bed in one corner of the room. Jean sat up and rubbed his eyes. He could hear the blackbirds whistling in the bushes by the river which ran at the foot of the garden and the fire crackling in the great fireplace at the other end of the kitchen. On a crane over the fire a copper pot hung. The mother was stirring the contents of the pot. A savory smell filled the air.

The children jumped out of bed. The brick floor of the kitchen felt cold to their bare feet. They hurried to dress and put on their wooden shoes.

Jean and Cecile both tied long-sleeved black aprons over their other clothes. They sat on a bench by the table to eat their breakfast. They had soup from the pot and dry bread.

Then Maman said, "Jean, I need water to scrub the kitchen floor. Will you fetch it for me?" Jean said, "Yes, Maman." He took a copper kettle and ran down the stone path to the river. Three steps led from the path to the water's edge. Jean filled the kettle and staggered back up the path with it. He was very proud to be able to manage such a heavy kettle. "Soon I shall be able to carry the tool basket for father," thought Jean. The father was a vine grower. The tool basket which he took on his back when he went to trim the vines was very heavy. "Jean cannot carry it until he is a man," the father had said. But Jean felt himself to be almost a man, now that he could carry water for Maman.

When Jean came back with the water the mother said to him, "The bread must be ready at the bakery. Will you and Cecile go for it?"

"Oh, yes," said Jean and Cecile together. They liked to go for the bread, Maman gave Cecile a franc. "Do not lose it," she said. Cecile put the

money in the little pocket of her apron. Jean got out his wheelbarrow. Then they went out of the street door.

They passed houses and barns all mixed together along the village street. The houses were built of stone and thatched with straw or red tiles. The walls of the houses were whitewashed. Near the ground they had been given a coating of tar to keep out the damp.

All the people of the village seemed to be out in the street. The children passed women sitting on their doorsteps knitting or carding wool or washing vegetables. Children played in the middle of the street. Chickens and tame rabbits were running about.

On the way to the bakery Jean and Cecile passed a pastry shop. Oh, how good the sweets in the window looked. The children pressed their noses against the pane. "Which one do you choose?" asked Cecile.

"I choose that one," said Jean, pointing to a tiny cream puff no bigger than a baby's fist. It had brown sugar on top.

"I choose that one," said Cecile, pointing to a little crinkly-edged cherry tart.

Then they trudged on. Maman needed bread, not sweets. They were careful when they crossed the village square. There was a fountain in the middle of the square at which a farmer was watering his oxen. The oxen were hitched to a great two-wheeled cart filled with hay.

A little girl was filling a pitcher at the fountain.

"Hello, Madeleine," said Cecile to the little girl.

"Hello, Cecile; I am drawing water for Maman. She is going to scrub the kitchen floor."

"With the water from that little pitcher?" said Jean. "Pooh, I can carry a great kettle of water."

"You are a boy," said Madeleine. "My mother has no boy to fetch water for her."

Then Jean looked ashamed of himself. "Give me the pitcher," he said. He filled it with water and carried it across the square to Madeleine's house. "You are a good polite boy," said Madeleine's mother. "I thank you with all my heart." Then she kissed him.

Jean ran back to his wheelbarrow. Soon he and Cecile reached the bakery. At one end of the room stretched a long counter. A woman and a young

girl stood behind the counter, which was piled high with long crusty loaves of bread. A group of women stood in front of the counter. Some of the women already had loaves of bread in their aprons but they stayed on to talk with their neighbors.

Jean and Cecile edged up to the counter through the crowd of women. It seemed a long time to them before they were noticed. At last the bakery woman said, "Well, my little ones, you have come for the bread for Maman? Good." She knew just how much bread Maman wanted without asking. She picked up three big loaves and put them on the scales. They were not quite heavy enough. So she added two little rolls. The rolls had chocolate inside. Jean and Cecile saw it sticking out at the ends. They nudged each other. They knew Maman would let them have the rolls.

Jean took the bread outside and loaded it in his wheelbarrow. Cecile paid for the bread. She received two great copper pieces as change. They made a clacking sound in her apron as she walked.

When they reached home they found Maman

gathering the soiled clothes together. She put them in a wooden box. When the box was full Jean took one end and Maman took the other. Cecile carried two wooden paddles. Then they went to the washing place on the stream. A great many other women were there, too, washing their clothes.

Maman dumped the clothes out of the box. She placed the box on the ground above a flat stone which reached down into the water. Then she knelt in the box and leaned over to dip the clothes one by one into the stream. She soaped each garment thoroughly and then rubbed it on the flat stone until it was clean. Cecile and Jean helped to pound out the dirt with the paddles. Cecile took father's blue blouse and dipped it into the water. Then she doubled it up and pounded it with the paddle. Jean pounded Cecile's red flannel petticoat. Jean and Cecile thought washing day was great fun. All up and down the stream the women and children chattered to each other and sang songs—"Madelon," and "On the Bridge of Avignon."

When the washing was done Jean and Cecile and Maman spread the nice clean clothes out on

the grass. The mother took out her knitting and the children played games until the clothes were dry.

Then they went home for lunch. The mother made an omelette and sprinkled it with fine chopped greens. As a special treat, because the children had helped her so much that morning, she made a pot of chocolate, too. My, it was good! So were the crusty rolls stuffed with chocolate which the children ate last of all.

After lunch Maman said, "How would you like a salad of snails for supper?"

"I should like it very much," said Jean politely.

"May we gather the snails?" asked Cecile.

"Yes, indeed," said the mother. "I must iron the clothes this afternoon, so I cannot go." It took Maman a long time to iron the clothes. Tiny pleats had to be pressed into the snowy underlinen, and the father's and Jean's Sunday shirts and the frills of Cecile's best dresses. The heavy linen sheets had to be folded and pressed carefully and laid away in a great closet with sprigs of lavender to make them smell sweet.

Maman gave Jean a pail in which to collect

the snails. Cecile carried a stick. The children started out along the bank of the river. Cecile beat the bushes and reeds with her stick. Then she and Jean poked about on the ground to see if any snails had fallen down. When they spied one Jean picked it up and dropped it in the pail. Soon they had a fine lot of snails. The river which had been flowing gently along through its high reed-fringed banks now ran into a flowery meadow. A flock of sheep was grazing in one corner of the meadow. The sheep were watched over by a man and a dog. A deep ditch connected with the river by a trench encircled a hill nearby. The water in the ditch was very shallow. It was green with water plants and loud with the croaking of hundreds of frogs. A boy with his trousers turned up over his knees was wading in the ditch catching frogs.

"Hello, Louis," shouted Jean. "You will have frog legs for dinner, I see. We are going to have snails." He waved his full pail.

"Ah, snails are good eating," said a voice from the ditch bank. The children turned to see who spoke. It was a man with a black velvet cap on his head. He sat on a camp chair in front of a



THE SCHOOL NURSE FINDS CECILE AND JEAN VERY CLEAN

large easel. He was painting a picture of a heap of stones which lay on the hill within the encircling ditch.

“Yes, snails are good eating,” said the man. “They are quiet too, not like the noisy frogs croaking away below there. Now if I were a rich man I should hire you lads to beat the ditch with switches to make them stop their bellowing. That was done in the old days, you know. When that heap of stones was a mighty castle, the peasants had to beat the water in the ditch to stop the noise of the frogs so that the ladies of the castle could sleep at night.”

“Delicate ears they must have had to be sure,” said the shepherd who had drawn near to listen. “As for me I like to hear the music of the frogs. It has a homely sound.”

“Oh, well,” said the man going back to his painting. “Every man to his taste.”

Jean and Cecile went home by the road which was fringed with poplar trees. In the fields, men, women and children were at work gathering in the hay. The men and boys wore smocks and wooden shoes. The women and girls wore bright-colored aprons. Now and then the children had

to leave the road and stand in the ditch to let a hay cart or a flock of sheep pass.

Maman was surprised to see how many snails Cecile and Jean had collected. She cooked them and mixed them with watercress to make a delicious salad. There was soup for dinner too, and last of all—Jean and Cecile could hardly believe their eyes—there was a dish of cream puffs and cherry tarts. “Because it is the last day of vacation, and you have been good children,” said Maman as she put a cream puff on Jean’s plate and a tart on Cecile’s.

The next morning Maman made them take an “all-over” bath. “Scrub your feet and legs well,” she said. “Remember the nurse will look to see if they are clean.”

“We will,” promised Cecile.

When they started to school Jean and Cecile had each a school bag full of books strapped to their backs. Jean wore new knickerbockers and new woolen stockings. Cecile had a pretty blue dress. But alas, the children had to cover this finery with their aprons!

On the way to school they passed the little park in which a statue of the good Pasteur stood. The

children often played about this statue. France is prouder of Pasteur than of any other Frenchman who ever lived. He taught people how to conquer many sicknesses. The teacher often talked about Pasteur. Once she told this story about him.

“When Pasteur went out to dinner he used to polish his glass and his china and his silver on his clean napkin before the food was served. Of course his hostess looked at him in astonishment. She wondered anxiously whether Pasteur had found any dust on the tableware. When Pasteur saw the look of distress on her face, he apologized. He said that when working in his laboratory he had to be sure that everything was spotless. He was so in the habit of polishing all his utensils before using them in experiments that he absent-mindedly polished any glass or china or silver before using it. Then the hostess looked relieved, because you know that all French housewives pride themselves on their immaculate tableware and linens.”

Jean and Cecile reached the school at eight o'clock. Outside of the door there was a wooden trough in which the children had to wash their

faces and hands if they were not clean already. But Jean and Cecile had scrubbed well before starting for school.

The nurse came to visit the school that day. She looked at all the children to see if they were clean. She made them take off one shoe and one stocking apiece so that she could see how clean their feet were. Jean and Cecile were very glad indeed that they had taken an "all-over" bath that morning!

A HAPPY DAY IN JAPAN

THE SONG OF THE SECOND RAINDROP

*Once I lay within a pool
In a garden of Japan,
Where a lady with a fan
Dropped her fan to take a swim
In the waters blue and dim.*

IT was five o'clock in the morning in the Land of the Rising Sun. Taro and Kiku were still asleep. They were lying on a thick quilt on the floor. Another thick quilt was tucked in over them. This quilt looked like a big overcoat with flopping sleeves. The sleeves helped to keep the quilt tucked in. For pillows Taro and Kiku each had a small wooden block.

The children were awakened by the sound of shutters being rolled back. Every sound can be heard all over the little square house in which Taro and Kiku live because there are no thick walls. In Japan the room walls are sliding screens covered with thin rice paper. Light can

shine through the paper, but people cannot see through it. By sliding back the screens the house can be changed from a house of many little rooms into a house of one big room.

Now the grandmother entered the children's room. "Rise, sleepy ones," she said. "The honorable sun is up."

Taro and Kiku pushed back their quilt and ran to the washroom. There two shining brass bowls full of water were set out for them. They washed their faces and hands and cleaned their teeth. Then they dressed. Just think, Taro and Kiku did not need to bother with buttons behind or buttons in front! They wore kimonos which were tied with sashes about the waist. Taro's kimono was dark with yellow stripes. His sleeves were short. He wore heavy socks which came just above the ankle. The socks were made with a split toe so that Taro could slip his big toes through the leather straps which held on the clogs that he wore outdoors. No one in Japan dreams of coming into the house in outdoor clogs because then the pretty squares of straw matting with which the floors are covered would be soiled. The Japanese wear straw sandals in the halls.

These are left at the entrance of a room as the people walk on the mats in their stocking feet.

Kiku's kimono was red and embroidered all over with flowers and butterflies. It had long sleeves which reached to her knees. Her sash was bright red.

"Ting a ling," went the breakfast gong. Taro and Kiku ran into the kitchen. Two little red lacquer tables were set out for them. On each table was a bowl of bean curd soup. The children liked it very much. When the soup was all gone the bowls were filled with rice. They ate it with chopsticks held in the right hand. They had eaten with chopsticks since they were very small and could handle them with one hand as well as we can manage a knife and fork with two hands.

Taro could pick up the last grain of rice in his bowl with his chopsticks as neatly as a chicken picks up a grain of corn. With the rice the children ate vegetable greens and pickled plums. Last of all their bowls were filled with tea. There are very few cows in Japan and the children do not have milk to drink for breakfast every day as we do.

After breakfast Taro and Kiku bowed politely

to their father and mother and grandmother, and went clattering off to school. They each carried a counting machine, a copybook, an umbrella in case of rain, and a jar of rice for lunch. Other little boys and girls were going to school too. They went, "Clumpity clumpity clump," through the streets of the town on their wooden clogs.

Many folks were busy in the streets. Vegetable men from the nearby country went from house to house with their baskets of vegetables and flowers hung on each end of a long pole. The children saw a shoemaker sitting outside of his shop mending wooden clogs. He held the clogs between his feet while he worked on them.

They saw women washing clothes in low wooden tubs on the sidewalks. The clothes had been ripped apart. In Japan the kimonos and other garments are sewn together with long stitches so that they can be taken apart and put together again easily. Some of the women had finished their washing and were putting the clothes out to dry. They did not hang them on a clothesline or spread them on the grass. Each piece of a garment was stretched out on a smooth frame and put where the sun could dry it.

Taro and Kiku passed the entrance to the temple on their way to school. Near it stood a stone trough full of clean water. A long-handled dipper floated in the water. "Oh see," said Kiku pointing, "some people are going into the temple." Two women and a boy and girl were standing by the trough. They poured water on their hands from the dipper. Then they all rinsed their mouths. After that they went into the temple.

All the children reached the schoolhouse before the teacher. They left their clogs outside the school before they entered. When they heard the sounds of the teacher's wooden clogs they stood up in a row. They called out to him. "Welcome. Please make your honorable entrance." Then they drew in their breaths with a sucking sound. This is a polite thing to do in Japan.

Taro and Kiku have a hard time learning to read and write. Just think, they must learn fifty letters of one kind and forty-five of another kind. Taro is to go to the university and he must memorize three or four thousand Chinese characters. These characters look like pictures. It takes twenty or thirty strokes of a brush to make some of the characters.



TARO AND KIKU WATCH THE PEOPLE WASHING
THEIR HANDS BEFORE ENTERING THE TEMPLE DOOR

Taro used a wet brush, which he rubbed on a cake of India ink, to write with, instead of a pen. He could write so well already that the teacher told him that he could now learn to paint. Every Japanese child looks forward eagerly to the time when his fingers have been trained well enough at writing to paint sprays of plum or cherry blossoms, or bamboo leaves, or the sacred snow-capped mountain of Fuji. For everyone in Japan, from the poorest coolie child to the lordly emperor himself, loves beauty.

The teacher told Taro that he might paint a spray of plum blossoms. Kiku arranged it for her brother. All the little Japanese girls learn how to arrange flowers in school. First Kiku placed a forked stick in the neck of a pretty porcelain bowl. Then she poked the branch of plum blossoms through the crotch of the stick. She moved the branch about until it looked as it did when it was growing on the plum tree. Then it was exactly right.

Taro started to paint very carefully. For one hour he worked very patiently on a single stroke. He did not give up until the teacher told him that

the stroke was right. Then he was satisfied.

While Taro was painting, the teacher brought out many little trays of red lacquer, and bags of pebbles and colored sands. The children looked very happy. They loved to make pictures with sand. Kiku decided to make a picture of the little garden back of her father's house. She strewed blue sand across the top of the tray. That was the sky. Then she mixed blue and yellow sand together and sprinkled it across the bottom of the tray to make the green of the garden. A trickle of blue sand across the middle of the tray made the brook and the little pool. Over the brook she made an arch of red sand for the bridge. Then very carefully she outlined a tiny black pine tree. Kiku's father was very proud of this pine tree. It was a hundred years old and yet it was only three feet high. Kiku placed blobs of blue sand here and there for the clumps of iris in the garden. She even sprinkled a few grains of red sand in the pool for the tiny red fish that swam there. Then she built a little mound of pebbles by the stream. This was the miniature mountain on which ferns and rock plants grew in the real garden at home.

Kiku was very proud of her garden when it was finished. But she did not say so. It is very impolite to praise one's own work in Japan. She said to the teacher, "Behold, my miserable picture, Sir Teacher." When Kiku looked at the plum tree which Sada had made and at Togo's picture of a street lit with red lanterns she said, "How very beautiful your pictures are."

After school the children played games in the garden. But they liked the time after supper before they went to bed the best of all the day. Then they sat on the floor by the charcoal fire burning in a square metal box, while grandmother told them stories.

Both children liked best the story of the Honorable Little Gentleman as the silkworm is called in Japan. Their father raised silkworms and in August the greedy appetite of the Honorable Little Gentlemen kept the whole household busy day and night. Trays covered with mulberry leaves arranged in tiers were placed all over the whole house. The sound of the nibbling of the worms was like the sound of rain on leaves. This is the story which the honorable Grandmother told Taro and Kiku:

Long and long ago an empress of China sat in her beautiful garden. Her honorable name was Si-Ling-Shi, and she sat in her garden in a city which was called in the Chinese language "The City of Heaven." The mulberry trees in the garden glistened in the sunlight and the fountain looked like a tree too, a silver tree of water all blown about and bent in the wind. Si-Ling-Shi was watching a caterpillar build himself a beautiful little house. He built the house right around himself with threads spun from his body.

All day long Si-Ling-Shi watched the caterpillar. From under the side of his mouth she saw the shining thread flow out which he wrapped round his body. At last she could no longer see the caterpillar. He was fast asleep inside of his little fairylike house no bigger than a thumb.

"Suppose and suppose," thought Si-Ling-Shi, to herself, "that I could unwind the shining thread. There is not a break in it anywhere. There is not a tangle in it anywhere. It is wound as snug and tight as the woolen thread on my distaff. What a wonderful fairylike cloth it would make if I could only weave it as I weave

linen and wool. Indeed why couldn't I? I shall try.'"

So she begged her honorable lord and husband, the emperor, to give her a grove of mulberry trees. She gathered the tiny seedlike eggs of the silkworm wherever she could find them. When the baby worms hatched out she tended them carefully. With her own honorable hands she gathered mulberry leaves for them to eat. At last the time came for them to spin their little cocoon houses of silk. Patiently, Si-Ling-Shi tried to unwind the shining thread of a cocoon. Time and again she tried and failed. And then the happy day came when she succeeded in unwinding the thread from several of the little balls. She twisted the threads together to make many shining strands of silk. Hundreds of yards she wound off and then she wove them into a beautiful shimmering cloth the like of which had never been seen before.

To this day this cloth is called *si* in Chinese, *soie* in French, and *silk* in English in honor of the Empress Si-Ling-Shi who taught the world how to make use of the beautiful houses of the Honorable Little Gentlemen.

"He is very good, the Honorable Little Gentleman," said Kiku bowing to the floor and sucking in her breath.

"He is very good," said the grandmother. "He it is who feeds and clothes and shelters thousands of the people of Japan. That is why you must never say an angry word or make a loud noise, or do an illbred thing within earshot of the Honorable Little Gentleman. If you do, the silk he makes will be of poor quality."

"And now," added the grandmother, "it is time for bath and bed."

Taro and Kiku ran to get ready for their baths. They took one every single night. Indeed every person from the sacred emperor to the poorest coolie has a hot bath at the end of the day.

Grandmother had made the bath ready an hour before. First she filled an oval wooden tub with water. Then she made a coal fire in a little stove which was built right in the side of the tub. Taro took his bath first. The boys always do things ahead of the girls in Japan. First he soaped himself all over. Then he scrubbed himself hard with a stiff brush. Grandmother helped

him rinse the soap off after his scrubbing. Then he was ready to plunge into the deep wooden tub. Taro climbed over the edge of the tub and splashed into the hot water "kerplunk." He sat in the tub with his knees almost touching his chin and soaked. He was very careful not to touch the hot stove with his feet.

While Taro was soaking, the grandmother helped Kiku soap and scrub and rinse herself. Then Taro climbed out and it was Kiku's turn to sit and soak.

In the summertime Taro and Kiku sometimes took their baths in the lake near their house. They liked this because they had such fun playing in the water with other boys and girls. They had never been in a public bath house but Taro hoped to go in one some day. The children passed two of these houses on the way to school. Anyone in Japan may take a dip in a steaming hot tub in a public bath house for one *sen*, which is one half a cent in American money.

Taro and Kiku are proud to belong to a nation which is said to be one of the cleanest in the world.

GAY AND FRIENDLY ITALY

THE SONG OF THE THIRD RAINDROP

*Once I sparkled in a fountain
In a city by the sea
Where the boys of Italy
Stopped to dabble in the pool
On their laggard way to school.*

“Ma’a’a! Ma’a’a!” The goats were waking up Tony and Peppina. The door of the tiny stucco cottage opened. Tony stood there rubbing the sleep out of his black eyes. It was very early in the morning, so early that the lights winked on the fishing boats down in the Bay of Naples.

“Peppina, come,” said Tony. “The goats are calling.” Peppina put on a red skirt and a big-sleeved blouse and a little black vest. She tied a bright-colored handkerchief over her black hair. Tony was already dressed in a blue blouse and trousers which reached to the middle of his legs. Both he and Peppina went barefoot.

They each took a piece of bread and then went out into the yard where the goats were stamping impatiently. Tony had a switch with which to drive the goats. Peppina carried a brass can.

The goats scuffed ahead kicking up the dust of the road. Peppina and Tony came behind munching on their bread. The olive trees seen in the dim light looked like little puffs of smoke by the roadside. Away to the east a real puff of smoke like a warning hand waved against the pink of the sky. This smoke came from the giant volcano of Vesuvius which more than once had swallowed up a city.

The sun was up by the time Peppina and Tony reached the streets of the city. Naples is built on the slopes of hills encircling the bay. The streets are very steep. The goats and Tony and Peppina did not mind this. They were used to steep hillsides.

They entered a narrow street lined with tall buildings. Between the houses on each side of the street clotheslines were stretched. The clothes danced on the lines far above the street like tight-rope performers at carnival time. As they entered the street Tony began to shout,

"Milk for sale, fresh goat's milk for sale." He did not really need to shout to make himself heard in the houses for most of the people were out in the street.

Men and women were sitting right out on the pavement washing their faces and hands in basins. Girls were combing their hair on the doorsteps. Small children were sprawling about at the edges of the gutters with little or nothing on.

One mother was giving her baby a bath. She beckoned to Tony and Peppina. "I will take a full can," she said.

Tony sat down on the curb and using the can milked one of the goats. When the can was full the woman took it into the house. Soon she came back with the empty can. She gave Peppina a coin. Other people wanted milk too. Soon the two goats had no more milk to give.

The children started home through the crowded streets. At every corner it seemed to them there were men roasting chestnuts over basins of glowing charcoal. The crisp sweet odor of the hot chestnuts made Peppina and Tony hungry. Peppina untied the milk money from a

corner of her apron and looked at it. But no! She did not dare spend a single *soldo* (halfpenny). The mother needed the money too much.

The children passed a street well. The water flowed from a tap set in a house wall and ran into a basin. Women were gathered about the well in groups talking. A boy was working a pump to make the water come so that a little girl could have a drink. Other children came up to the fountain with pails on their heads. Tony and Peppina stopped to watch them. When the pails had been pumped full of water the children balanced them on their heads and went singing down the street.

On another street corner Tony and Peppina passed a cook stand. A crowd of men and boys stood about it eating macaroni. They put the long strings of macaroni into their mouths with their hands. They swallowed great masses of it with one gulp. Many of the boys were beggars. They stopped passersby with the cry, "Oh, Mister, gimme five soldi for macaroni. Oh, I'm dying of hunger." Tony looked at his sister. Peppina shook her head and they passed on.

It was almost eleven o'clock by the time they

reached home. The mother was cooking dried beans over an open fire out of doors. The father came in just as the beans were done. He had been working in the field since early morning. Like the children he had had only a piece of dry bread to eat.

Peppina and Tony placed benches at the table out in the yard. Then they carried the bowls of beans to the table. The mother brought olive oil to pour over the beans. The family always ate out of doors in fine weather. Indeed, they lived in the open air most of the time. The kitchen was a dark little place, and not very pleasant to stay in. The window panes were made of oiled paper. The furniture was very rude. At one side there was a brick ledge with little basin-like holes in the top. This was the cook stove which was used in rainy weather. Charcoal was burned in the little holes over which the cooking pots were hung.

After breakfast the mother said that it was a fine day to do the washing. She and Peppina gathered together the soiled clothes and placed them in two baskets, a big one and a little one. The mother balanced the big basket on her head.

Peppina carried the little basket in the same way. Tony lugged along a bucket of soft soap. The mother had made it herself by boiling the dregs of olive oil with water which had been poured through wood ashes.

The washing place was on the bank of a brook. The mother knelt above a flat stone which she used as a scrubboard. All up and down the stream other women were washing clothes too. They laughed and chatted together. The mother soaped the clothes and rubbed them on the stone scrubboard. Tony and Peppina helped her get the dirt out of the clothes by pounding them on the stones.

When the washing was done the clothes were taken home and boiled in a great kettle over a fire in the yard. After that they were spread out to bleach in the sun.

Then Tony and Peppina went for a swim in the stream where the clothes had been washed. They took with them a little soap with which to wash their hair. The soft soap trickled from their hair into their eyes. Ugh, how it smarted! After their swim the children ran about in the sun to dry themselves.

For supper the family had macaroni and a salad of lettuce and onions with olive oil dressing. After supper the father went back to his work in the fields. For sixteen or seventeen hours every day he plodded patiently over the hills behind his great oxen. And yet he was happy and kind to his children. Tony and Peppina did everything they could to help the mother and father.

During part of the year they went to school and then they could not help so much. Tony wore a jacket and knee breeches of wool to school. Peppina had a red dress.

In school they learned to be very proud of their country. The teacher told them that Italy is "the land of the magic past." No other country of the world has a prouder history. One day they had a lesson about the baths of Rome. The teacher told them that in the glorious days of the Roman Empire the people were very clean.

When Rome was still a small republic the public bathing pools in the city were simple. In the country the boys bathed in the water of the brooks. This helped to make them strong and healthy.

Then when Rome grew up into a mighty empire magnificent bath houses were built in almost every town or village throughout her dominions. The baths in Rome itself were the most magnificent of all. They were supplied with water from fourteen great aqueducts. The aqueduct pipes began far off in the country. They ran part of the way underground and part of the way they were carried on arches across the valleys. We may see the arches of many of these aqueducts spanning the valleys to this day. Some of them are still carrying water as well as they did 2,000 years ago.

In Rome there were so many bath houses that millions of gallons of water a day were drawn from the aqueducts. At the end of the 3rd century Rome had eleven large public baths besides nine hundred smaller private ones. Sixty thousand people could bathe at one time in these bath houses. There was no excuse for not taking a bath every day in Rome. The charge for taking a bath in a public bath house was a *quadrans* (about one-fourth of a cent in American money).

This is how Florian, a Roman boy who lived in the 3rd century, took a bath. He usually went

to the bath house built by the Emperor Caracalla. This was the newest and the most magnificent one. Florian went first to a dressing room where he took off his sandals and his under tunic of white linen and his white woolen toga with the crimson border which meant that he had not yet reached manhood. Then he entered the "warm room." Here he sat on a marble bench. The room was full of other men and boys all sitting about talking while the sweat poured from their faces and bodies.

From the warm room Florian went to the "hot room." Here he took a hot bath in a large tank of water sunk in the middle of the floor. Oh, how hot the water was! Florian looked like a boiled lobster when he climbed out of the tank and dashed into the "cold room." In the "cold room," he plunged into a tank of icy cold water.

Then Florian was scraped by one of the bath attendants. He had brought his own scraper. It was made of bone and had a silver handle. It looked something like a large curved paper cutter. After he had been scraped all over, Florian lay down on a marble bench and sweet-smelling oil was rubbed into his body. Then he rested for

awhile on a couch in the resting room. If he liked he could go to the library in the bath house and select a book and read it while he was resting. Or he could talk with the other boys who were resting too. On some days Florian strolled through the museum in the bath house, and looked at the statues and the wall paintings. Almost always he went to exercise in the gymnasium before he left for home.

Florian's sister Claudia went to another bath house built especially for women. Here the girls and women had the perfumed baths and massages which gave them their clean, fresh, white, soft skins. Even in the early days of the empire, they had soap, a substance which the people of Gaul had invented "for giving a bright hue to the hair."

Some rich women in Rome tried out all sorts of queer baths. The Roman empress, Poppæa, took a daily milk bath in a huge round tub of red porphyry. The milk was obtained from 500 asses which were kept especially for this purpose. The asses were taken care of by many slaves.

When the teacher had finished telling the



TONY HELPS PEPPINA GET A DRINK OF WATER

children about the Roman baths she said: "Some day I will take you to Pompeii and show you the ruins of the bath houses there. Do any of you know about Pompeii?"

"I do," said Tony waving his hand. Tony and Peppina lived very near the old city. The priest had often told them its story.

"You may tell us about it," said the teacher.

This is the story that Tony told:

Over 1800 years ago, the people of the rich city of Pompeii were busy in their streets and houses. Chariots drawn by gay prancing horses went dashing through the streets. The children were going to school. The pedlars were selling fruits and nuts in the market places. All of the people of the city were going about their business, when the old mountain of Vesuvius woke up from its long sleep. It threw a great black cloud of steam and mud and hot ashes into the air so high that the sun was hidden. The sky was darkened even in Rome hundreds of miles away. The people thought that the end of the world had come. Then down over the city the great cloud fell raining mud and ashes. For three days this terrible rain fell. Most of the people escaped

but many were buried under the ashes. When the darkness lifted on the third day the city of Pompeii was covered with a blanket of mud and ashes sixteen feet deep. And there it lay forgotten for hundreds of years.

When Tony had finished telling the story of the destruction of Pompeii, the teacher asked: "Then what happened?"

"It was dug up," said Tony. He knew that because he and Peppina had often seen people digging there.

"Yes," said the teacher. "In 1748 a man was digging a well in his vineyard when he struck his spade against a statue. He dug the statue out and told people about it. More men were sent to dig in the vineyard and so the buried city was discovered.

"We may now walk through its streets and see how the people lived hundreds of years ago. We may see the marks of the horses' hoofs and the ruts worn by the chariot wheels in the paved streets. We may read on the walls the scribbling of the school boys. We may sit down on the marble seats of the bath houses where the boys of Pompeii sat when they had finished their baths

centuries ago. We may visit the soap-making factory and even see some of the cakes of soap which look very much like the soap sold in the shops today."

"When will you take us there?" asked a little boy named Giuseppe.

"Soon," said the teacher. "Just as soon as everyone in the class comes to school clean for a whole week."

"If we took baths like the Roman boys did, we shouldn't have much time left over," said Tony. "I guess those boys didn't have as much to do as I have."

"Perhaps not," said the teacher. "But you must remember that the Roman bath house was a place in which to play and rest and study as well as a place in which to bathe. Most of us nowadays take baths just to make ourselves clean, and that's all we need to do. Soap and warm water in a basin and a pail of cold water can make us just as clean as the great swimming pools and showers made the Romans long ago."

THE RAINBOW

I know a blue hill,
Not so very high,
Where the rainbow ribbons
Are thrown across the sky.

Some day and some day,
After a shower,
I shall climb the hill and be
Back in half an hour.

I shall wind the rainbow
Upon an empty spool,
And put it in my pocket
Where it is dark and cool.

I shall pick a yellow star,
And I shall pick another,
And hide them in my apron
To carry home to mother.

And I shall tie the rainbow
About my Sunday gown
When I go out walking
Through the crowded town.

YOUNG KNIGHTS OF THE BATH IN ENGLAND

THE SONG OF THE FOURTH RAINDROP

*In an English tub, one day,
I was in the shining bubble
Where a baby saw his double;
Bubble lasted just a minute,
Baby poked his finger in it.*

“So long, see you tomorrow,” said Kit. He picked up his cricket bat and walked across the village green. His brother Hugh came running after him, pulling on his blazer as he ran. The boys had been playing cricket. In England this game is as popular as baseball is in the United States.

Now the boys were going home to tea. They strolled down the village street nodding to all their friends. There was Dame Wilkins the sweet shop woman who stood in the door of her little shop and curtsied to the boys as they passed. There were the butcher and the grocer

and the shoemaker all in their big white aprons and a carter watering his horses at the village well. The carter wore a white smock over his clothes. He looked as though he had put on his nightshirt over his ordinary suit.

Down the street a little way stood the village inn. It was called the White Pigeon. Before the door stood some settles on which the gaffers of the village sat and smoked their pipes and talked of the good old days in Merrie England. A great sign swung above the door. The picture of a pigeon was painted on it. But, dear me, the picture was so old and weatherbeaten that the pigeon lacked its tail and part of its head.

On a hill overlooking the village stood a great stone building which looked something like a fort. This was the ruin of an old English castle. It was built hundreds of years ago in the Middle Ages. A baron had lived there who owned all the land about as far as he could see. Hugh and Kit had often explored the castle. They had climbed the narrow stone stairs and looked out of the long thin slits in the thick walls. They had stood in the huge stone fireplaces and looked up to where the swallows had built nests in the tumble-

down chimneys. The boys thought that the castle was a fine place in which to play but they were glad that they had their own house to live in although it was not so splendid as a castle.

At last the boys reached the end of the village. They turned into a grass-grown lane where the air was sweet with honeysuckle from the hedges and full of the songs of blackbirds and skylarks.

Soon they left the lane and climbed a stile. On the other side of the stile they followed a path which led across the meadows. The warm wind blowing on their faces smelled of ripening hops and fruit.

The scent of fruit came from an orchard which was enclosed by a high wall of mellow old bricks. The boys entered the orchard by a gate set in the wall. Great gnarled apple trees grew in the orchard, their huge branches knotted and twisted. There were peach and pear trees in the orchard, too. They had been trained so that they grew flat against the walls like vines.

The boys made believe that this orchard was the Forest of Sherwood. On one of the trees a target had been nailed. Hugh and Kit often

came here to practice shooting at the target with bows and arrows. Hugh was Robin Hood and Kit was Little John. Sometimes they let their sister Sylvia play with them, too. She was Maid Marian, but she was too little yet to be of much use in their games.

The boys pushed through another gate at the far side of the orchard. This led into the farmyard. The stone barns in the farmyard were broad and low and thatched with straw. Moss grew on the roofs. About them were hay ricks covered with canvas to protect them from the rain and dew. In a pond ducks were swimming about. Kit ran to the barn and came back with some wheat. He threw the wheat into the pond. This was the ducks' tea.

Beyond the farmyard the tall slender chimneys of the farmhouse rose above the trees. The house was built of bricks which peeped out rosily here and there from beneath clinging ivy. It was very old. Indeed it had been built 400 years ago in the time when Henry the Eighth was King of England.

The boys found tea ready in the garden. On a round table covered with a snowy cloth were

delicate china cups and shining silver, plates of thinly sliced bread and butter, a jam pot and an earthenware teapot covered with a hood to keep it hot. The boys' father and mother and their grown-up sister Dorothy sat in wicker chairs about the table.

"Late again," said father.

"Go and wash your hands," said Dorothy.

"Hurrah, blackberry jam!" shouted Hugh, throwing his cricket bat under a tree and his cap on a chair.

"Take your things to your room, boys," said mother, "and please wash your hands."

"Very well, mother," said Kit.

The boys went to their room and washed their faces and hands. When they came back father said, "Well, how did the match go?"

"Oh, fairish," said Hugh with his eyes on the jam pot, "We're ahead so far."

"Plain bread and butter first," said mother as Hugh reached for the jam.

"Oh, bother!" said Hugh. But he began on bread and butter.

"Have you done much target practice lately?" asked father.



AND HUGH LIKE THE TIN TUB BETTER THAN THE BIG BATH TUB

"No," said Kit, "too busy with cricket."

"Aha," said father, "you know in the old days they passed laws forbidding cricket because it interfered with archery. In those times the skill of our English archers won many a battle for old England."

"Father, do tell us a story about the old days," begged Kit.

Father's eyes twinkled. "I ran across a story the other day that you boys might like," he said.

"Tell it, father," said Kit. This is the story father told:

Once there was a boy named Geoffrey who lived hundreds of years ago. Until Geoffrey was seven years old he lived in a great stone castle with his father and mother. His father gave him a little pony which he learned to ride. He also had a wooden sword and toy soldiers to play with. The toy soldiers were knights. Geoffrey was going to be a knight when he grew up.

When Geoffrey was seven years old he was sent away to school. His school was very different from the schools nowadays. He did not go to school to learn to read and write and do arithmetic. No indeed! He went to school to learn how

to be a good knight. You boys know that a knight had to be brave, helpful and kind. He had to learn how to help his friends and fight against his enemies. The school to which Geoffrey went was a castle belonging to Sir Edward, a friend of his father's.

Now although the school in which a boy learned to be a knight was not at all like our schools to-day, it was the same in one way. It had forms.* In the first form the boy was called a page. There were two older pages in the castle when Geoffrey arrived. They teased Geoffrey whenever they could. They made him do all the unpleasant tasks. They teased him most because he kept himself so clean. They said, "Oh ho, a knight never has time to be clean. It is like a girl to be always washing your hands and face and taking baths." But Geoffrey kept right on keeping himself clean as his mother had taught him to do.

Now one day Sir Edward wanted to send a letter to a neighboring baron. He usually sent his messages by a herald. But his herald had gone off on another errand and so Sir Edward had no one to send except one of his page boys.

** A "form" in an English school corresponds to a "grade" in an American school.*

Sir Edward had his clerk write the letter on beautiful white parchment. He sealed it with red sealing wax. Then he sent for his page boys. The boys were in the castle courtyard playing a game. It was a rough and tumble game and all three were very grimy when the clerk came running to tell them that Sir Edward was going to choose one of them to go on an important errand. "You must go to him at once," said the clerk.

The two older boys dashed into the castle but Geoffrey ran first to the pump and splashed water over his face and hands. Then he ran into the castle hall. There he met a serving man with a clean napkin in his hand who had just come from taking some bread and honey to Lady Blanche. Geoffrey grabbed the napkin from the surprised servant and wiped his face and hands as he ran. He reached the audience chamber all out of breath. The two pages were already there. Sir Edward had not yet come in.

"Oh ho," said the oldest page, "do you think Sir Edward would choose *you* to take a message for him? You're just a baby."

"Pooh," said the next to the oldest, "do you think Sir Edward would choose a baby who is

always washing and brushing himself like a girl to carry a message for him?" And then Sir Edward came in. He was holding the beautiful white letter in his hand. He looked at the grimy hands and faces of the two older page boys. Then he looked at Geoffrey. He smiled and held up the letter. "The one who carries this letter must have clean hands," he said. "Hold out your hands."

Now the two older boys were ashamed of their dirty hands. But they held them out for it was Sir Edward's command. Sir Edward shook his head. Then he looked at Geoffrey's hands. "Geoffrey must carry the letter," he said. "His hands are clean."

Sir Edward gave Geoffrey a little white horse on which to ride. He sent two men to protect him on his journey. Geoffrey rode for days and days to reach the castle of the baron to whom the letter was directed. He took great care of the letter and never got a single smudge on it. The baron was so pleased with the news in the letter and with the little page boy who had brought it to him that he gave Geoffrey a whole set of beautiful toy knights. They were made of lead and jointed so that Geoffrey could tie strings to their

arms and legs and make them move and fight.

Geoffrey grew up to be a strong young man, good at games, good at lute-playing and singing, and good at riding and fighting. The king himself made him a knight. On the evening before Geoffrey was dubbed knight he had to take a bath. His bath was prepared for him in a huge wooden tub. Before the hot water was poured in, the tub was lined with fine linen woven in Flanders. After his bath Geoffrey had to kneel all night long in the church and say his prayers. In the morning he put on spotless linen as a sign that as his body glistened with the washing and the beauty of his vestments so might his soul shine. Then over his linen tunic Geoffrey's steel armor was fastened and he was led into the king's presence. He knelt before the king and was given the sword blow which made him a knight. You may be sure that he was a good one all his life.

This is the end of the story the father told Hugh and Kit.

After the story, Hugh said, "I wish there were knights now-a-days."

"Well," said mother rising, "you can play at being Knights of the Bath this minute."

"What's a Knight of the Bath?" asked Kit.

"It was a knight who went through the bath ceremony before being knighted. You see in the later days of knighthood people got tired of so much elaborate ceremony. Many young men were made knights simply by being given the accolade, or sword blow. These knights were called Knights of the Sword. But at affairs of state, like coronations, the young knights were obliged to take the ceremonial bath before being knighted. These knights were called Knights of the Bath as a mark of special honor. Come along, sons, it's time for your tubs."

The boys and their mother went up the stone-flagged path. They entered a great old hall. The afternoon sun shone in through the small colored panes of the lattice windows and flecked the age-blackened rafters with tiny spots of light. It looked as if a handful of confetti had been thrown at the ceiling and stuck there.

Up the broad carved stairway went the boys and down a long wandering hall. The hall took three steps down and then three steps up for no reason at all. The boys' room was at the end of the hall. It was sunny and airy. Snow-white cur-

tains at the lattice windows stirred in the wind which blew in from across the green meadows.

A tin tub stood on a big bath mat in the center of the room. A rosy cheeked maid was filling it with water from a can. When it was full she brought two big bath towels and laid them on the beds. Then she went out. The boys drew lots to see which one should bathe first. Hugh won. He undressed and stepped into the tub. He splashed a bit and the water flew out on the bath mat. He soaped himself all over and then he rubbed himself with the sponge. He wanted to sit and soak but Kit said, "No fair," so Hugh had to hop out and towel himself. When he was dry and wrapped in his bathrobe, he rang a bell and the maid came in to empty the tub and fill it with fresh water for Kit.

Every evening before dinner the boys had a tub. They liked the tin tub better than the big tub in the bathroom. Then they dressed in clean linen and went down to read, or play games, until the dinner gong rang.

JOHN'S VISIT TO HIS POLISH COUSINS

THE SONG OF THE FIFTH RAINDROP

*Once in Poland, far away,
I was in the little sip
That fell betwixt the cup and lip.
Down I spattered on a rock
Between a goosegirl and her flock.*

Yanek and Hanka were children of Poland. They were on their way to town to meet their cousin, John, who had come all the long way from America to visit them. They rode along the bumpy road in a country wagon without springs. The bottom of the cart was filled with a bed of straw. On this Hanka sat. Yanek sat up in front and drove the horses.

Cousin John was waiting for them in the station. They knew him by the white handkerchief tied about his right arm. Yanek and Hanka stared at John. They could hardly believe that he was their very own cousin. They thought his

clothes were wonderful. Yanek shyly touched the sleeve of John's blue serge suit.

John thought that his cousins looked as if they were on the way to a fancy dress party. He did not like to be caught staring but he gave many a sidelong glance at the flaming rose and yellow silk neckerchief, the short red and yellow striped skirt, and the red leather boots worn by Hanka. Yanek had on trousers made of the same material as his sister's skirt. The ends were tucked into his black boots. His jaunty short coat was decorated with scarlet and blue ribbons and he wore a small round black felt hat.

John carried a big leather suitcase. Yanek took hold of the handle. "Let me carry it," he said.

"Are we going to walk?" asked John. He knew how to speak Polish because his father and mother often spoke it at home in America.

"Oh, no," said Yanek, proudly, "we are going in our farm wagon."

Out in the street they found the horses patiently waiting for them. Yanek lifted John's suitcase into the cart. Then away they bumped over the cobble stones.



HANKA DRAWS WATER FOR BABY'S BATH

Everything in the town seemed strange to John. Yanek and Hanka lost their shyness in answering his questions. They passed a corner pump on one of the streets. A crowd of men and women were grouped about it with pails, pitchers, tea-kettles and one-handled tin cans that looked something like big milk cans.

"What are they doing?" asked John.

"Drawing water," said Yanek.

"Haven't they any water in their houses?" asked John.

"Of course not," answered Hanka. She thought, "What a silly question!"

"All the people in my city in America have water in their houses," said John. "We just turn a tap and the water comes."

"Think of that, now!" said Hanka, admiringly.

Soon they came to the market. John thought that it looked as if a rainbow had fallen from the sky and splintered into a thousand bright fragments in the street. He saw men and women in brilliant-colored costumes selling vegetables, flowers, strings of dried mushrooms, milk and eggs, juicy pears and apples, pigs, cheese, flax, fowls, earthenware and grain. There was one

woman with two live geese under her arm.

"If she doesn't sell them," explained Hanka, "She will tuck them under her arms and carry them back home."

The wagon soon left the town behind. Now it was bumping along over the stony, rutted road. John began to see women working in the fields cutting grain with rude sickles or piling potatoes in great mounds. The men stood about in the fields and told the women what to do. Yanek told John that the potato heaps would later be covered with straw and then with earth. A small chimney at the top would provide ventilation.

They passed through a village of whitewashed huts, thatched with straw. John saw little wavy red chalk marks on the window sills and door of one house. "What does that mean?" asked John.

"It means that a marriageable girl lives in that house," said Hanka. "It is a notice to any young man who wishes to marry that he may find a wife within."

"How funny," said John in English.

At last the wagon reached the village where Yanek and Hanka lived. Yanek flourished his whip and the horses dashed down the muddy

street and drew up short at the straw-thatched cottage which Hanka pointed out.

"Is this where you live?" asked John.

"Yes," shouted Yanek. He lifted the suitcase from the wagon. By this time a circle of neighbors had drawn up about the wagon. Yanek strutted with importance. He almost stumbled over a pig, suitcase and all.

The mother stood on the doorstep to greet John. Hanka ran ahead up the path shooing the geese and chickens and pigs out of the way. Behind her came John. Last of all came Yanek proudly carrying the suitcase.

It was rather dark in the room which they entered. John had to blink his eyes two or three times before he could see. Yanek set the suitcase down with a thump on a roughly carved chest near an alcove. There were two of these alcoves in the room. In each one there was a huge wooden bed piled high with gorgeously colored rugs and feather pillows.

But the thing which John saw first of all was the enormous stove. It reached almost to the ceiling. It was made of stone and plaster and had been whitewashed. From it a shelf extended.

John was to learn later that this shelf was a fine place on which to sleep on cold winter nights.

From the rafters an elm pole projected. A basket was tied to it with a heavy cord. This was the baby's cradle. It rocked quietly up and down as if a soft wind were blowing it.

The room was neatly whitewashed and the two windows were bright with pots of red geraniums. About the walls were borders of colored flowers and leaves cut out of paper. John thought that they looked very gay and cheerful against the whiteness of the walls. There were several carved chests and benches in the room which were used instead of chairs.

This room was the only living room in the house. It was called the "hot room," because of the stove. In the "cold room" lived the cow, the pigs, the geese, and the chickens.

"What would you like to do first?" asked Yanek when John had had his fill of exploring the room.

"I should like a bath," said John. "It was awfully dirty on the train."

"All right," said Yanek. "Come on, we'll draw the water." He took a yoke from its place in the

corner and fastened a pail at each end. Then he and John and Hanka went out to the well. Yanek raised the water bucket from the well by pulling on one end of a long pole balanced near the center. Up came the dripping bucket fastened by a rope to the other end of the pole. Hanka filled the two pails and then they went back to the cottage. John looked about for a private corner in which to bathe. At last he decided to take his bath out doors behind the cottage. He took a cake of soap from his suitcase.

Yanek looked curiously at the soap. He had seen bars of "store soap" in the shop windows in the city, but it was very expensive and his mother had never been able to afford any. She made her own soap. Yanek had learned in school that one of the ways of keeping the dreadful disease, typhus fever, from spreading was to use plenty of soap while bathing. He knew that the people in America had sent a great deal of soap to Poland to be used in fighting typhus. But never before had he seen any American soap. John let him feel it and smell it. "Do you use that kind all the time?" said Yanek.

John undressed by the back door. He soaped

himself all over and then Yanek poured a pail of water over him. "Is this the way you always have to take a bath?" asked John while he was rubbing himself dry with the beautifully embroidered towel which his aunt had given him. "At home we have a bathroom with a big white tub in it."

"Do you have one whole room, just to take a *bath* in?" asked Yanek.

"Why sure," said John.

"I take a hot bath once a week in a tub in the kitchen," said Yanek. "Sometimes I bathe in the village pond. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes," said John. But first they had lunch. When they were seated at the table the mother asked John a hundred questions about her brother in America. She raised her hands in astonishment to hear that he lived in a city flat of six rooms. "He has come up in the world," she said.

For lunch they had bread and a soup made of beet roots over which thick cream had been poured. Then each one had a bowl of steaming porridge made of groats (hulled oats).

After lunch Yanek and John walked down the

village street. On either side were two straggling rows of thatched one-storied stone huts plastered with mud. Some of the better huts were white-washed and daubed with bright paints.

At the end of the street there was a pond. Although a stream flowed in at one end of the pond and out at the other the water was rather muddy. "This is where I often take a bath," said Yanek.

Some women were washing their clothes in the pond and rubbing them on stone washboards. Others were hanging their clothes to dry on lines in an apple orchard nearby. John watched two women pounding something in a wooden tub. "What are they doing?" he asked.

"They're pounding flax to a pulp," said Yanek. "We grow all our own flax here," he added proudly, "and the women and girls make it into linen. See," he said pointing, "there are some girls now spreading out the homespun linen on the grass so that it will bleach in the sun."

John looked at the laughing girls in their bright-colored clothes stretching the strips of heavy linen on the grass. Then he turned to watch the geese and ducks and pigs and small children splashing about happily in the pond. "My, I'll have a lot to write home about tonight," he said.

SOAP BUBBLES

Where do all the bubbles go?
That's what I should like to know.

Blow, blow,
The bubbles grow,
The lovely bubbles bud and bloom,
And float about the sunlit room.

Bubble flowers, blue and fair,
Blossom on a stem of air;
Bubbles green and amethyst
Wither to a spat of mist;
All the colors of the dawn,
Wink your eyes and they are gone.

Where do all the bubbles go?
That's what I should like to know.

UNCLE PETER TELLS A STORY OF FINLAND

THE SONG OF THE SIXTH RAINDROP

*Once I was a snowflake white
In a land of winter dark;
In the spring a meadow lark
Watched me melting, from his perch.
On a slender Finland birch.*

"Come on, boys," said mother. "It's time to take your baths and go to bed."

Tom and Billie were sitting on the porch talking to Uncle Peter. They said, "Oh, mother, it's early yet. Uncle Peter is telling us stories."

Uncle Peter said, "Go on, boys, take your baths, and when you're in bed I'll tell you how the boys in Finland take a bath."

So Tom and Billie went upstairs with mother. In about half an hour Uncle Peter heard Tom calling, "We're in bed, Uncle Peter."

"Here I come," said Uncle Peter. He went up the stairs "clumpity clump," so that the boys would know he was coming. Then he sat on a

chair between the two beds in the boys' bedroom and told them how he had once taken a bath in Finland.

"Last winter," began Uncle Peter, "I stayed with a family on a farm in Finland. There were three children in the family, Olli and Paavo and Katri. Their house was built of pine logs. It had only two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen. I slept in the kitchen on the wide bench which ran about the room. In front of the house there was a lake and behind it there was a forest of pine and birch trees.

"I arrived at the farm on Saturday. Olli said to me, 'Mr. Neilson, today is bath day. We have a bath every Saturday.'

"I said, 'All right, Olli, I'll take a bath too.' Olli pointed to a little log house near the stable. 'That is the bath house,' he said. 'Come, and I'll show you how we get ready for a bath in my country.'

"I went with Olli to the bath house. It was rather dark inside as there was only a small window. In the center of the little room was a great oven made of huge stones. A fire was burning in the oven and it smoked so that my eyes smarted.

Olli threw some more wood on the fire. 'We keep a fire burning here all day on bath day,' he explained. When my eyes were used to the smoke and the dim light I could see that around the walls were three rows of seats made of the trunks of trees.

"Late in the afternoon the stones of the fireplace were burning hot. Then the father raked out the fire and carried away the ashes. Now it was Katri's turn to help. She and her mother went into the bath house and cleaned it thoroughly. The mother put a great pot of water near the oven. Katri brought in several bunches of fragrant birch twigs. They had been steamed until they were soft. She placed them beside the pot. I wondered what the birch twigs were for. I soon found out.

"Everything was now ready for the bath. Paavo said, 'Come on and get undressed, Mr. Neilson, we undress in the house and then run to the bath house.'

"'But it's thirty degrees below zero,' I cried.

"'That is nothing,' said Paavo. 'The bath house is only a stone's throw from the house.' So Paavo and Olli and the father and I all undressed in

the bedroom, and then dashed naked, with only a towel for protection, through the snow to the bath house. It was hot enough in there. My, didn't the heat from the oven feel good after the run through the icy air!

"The father dipped water from the large pot with a big dipper and threw it over the hot stones of the oven. Steam began to rise at once. Soon the room was full of steam. It was so hot that I thought I couldn't stand it.

"'Sit down, Mr. Neilson, it's not so hot near the floor,' said Olli. I sat right on the floor. Even there it was so hot I could hardly breathe. Olli and Paavo and the father sat on the tree trunk bench nearest the floor. The hot steam made the perspiration pour from our bodies. When Olli and Paavo and the father were used to breathing the hot steam-filled air they climbed up to the second bench. Up there it was hotter still. The third and highest bench was the hottest of all because the hot steam was rising all the time from the heated stones. I didn't climb above the lowest bench, I can tell you.

"When we were well steamed we all climbed down to the floor again and soaped ourselves.

Then Olli picked up a bundle of birch twigs and said, 'Let me give you a switching, Mr. Neilson. It's fine. It brings the blood tingling to the skin.' Olli started to switch me. Soon I cried, 'Stop, stop!'

" 'Now switch me, Mr. Neilson,' said Olli, handing me the birch twigs. 'Switch me harder than I switched you.' Olli ran about the room leaping and laughing while I switched him. 'Harder, harder,' he cried. 'You must switch me harder than that.' I switched him harder and harder. The father switched Paavo and Paavo switched his father. Seen through the misty steam we looked like boiled red lobsters dancing in a pot. The hot room was filled with the sweet and spicy scent of the birch twigs.

"At last the father cried, 'Enough!' Then out through the door of the bath house he and Paavo and Olli ran and rolled in the snow. Over and over they rolled. 'Come on, Mr. Neilson,' they cried. 'It's fine.' I rolled in the snow, too. How nice the coldness felt after the heat of the bath house. Then we scrambled up and ran into the house. We did not dress at once. We walked about the room and rested until we had stopped perspir-

ing. When I was dressed at last I felt wonderful.

“All over Finland on Saturday night people take these steam baths. On the farms in the country of a thousand lakes, as the south of Finland is called, and in the hill country near the land of the Lapps, people steam and switch themselves and roll in the snow just as I did. In the towns and cities forty and fifty people at a time use the community bath houses for their Saturday night bath. In the summertime, when the sun leaves the heavens for only a short time every twenty-four hours, the Finns take a bath every night. Afterwards they plunge into the blue lakes for a swim to cool off.

“This Finnish steam bath is an old, old custom. Katri recited to me the part about the steam bath in the great national poem of Finland. This poem is made up of folk songs which have come down to the people of Finland from their far-off ancestors. Katri said that she sometimes sang the bath song to Olli and Paavo when the bath was ready. In the poem it is sung by Annikki, the little sister of Ilmarinen, one of the three heroes of the poem.

"This is the song:

*Now the bathroom's filled with vapor,
And the vapor bath I've heated,
And have steeped the bath whisks nicely,
Choosing out the best among them.
Bathe, O Brother, at your pleasure,
Pouring water as you need it,
Wash your head to flaxen color,
Till your eyes shine out like snowflakes."*

"Tell us some more about Paavo and Olli and Katri," begged Billie when Uncle Peter had finished telling them about the steam bath. "Do they go to school?"

"Yes," said Uncle Peter, "they go to school in a nearby village. In winter they go on skis because the snow is so deep. The schoolhouse is as clean as their own home. There are no square corners to catch the dust. Each lesson lasts for an hour. In between each one they have ten minutes in which to rest and stretch their arms and legs. For lunch they eat the rye bread and butter with some cheese or whatever else their mother gives them."

"Do they have home work to do?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter. "They study their lessons after school on a bench near the brick

stove in the kitchen. They put their lesson books on a three-legged table set in front of them. Lights burn in the room in the winter because it is dark then even in the daytime. The sun doesn't poke its head above the horizon until nine o'clock in the morning. Then it starts on its travels. But it does not travel across the whole sky as the sun does in our country. No indeed! It goes skimming along the horizon. The light it gives is a dim twilight. The snow through the window looks pale blue and the shadows of the naked birch trees look like pencil marks written on the snow. Once Katri said to me, 'The birch trees are learning to write, too.'

"Very often clouds go scudding across the sun. Then it becomes very dark in the room. It is darker still when the sun sets at three o'clock in the afternoon. Flickering lights and shadows chase each other in and out among the rafters of the room. The lights are reflected in the window glass. They look as if they were dancing out of doors in the snow. The mother tells the children that those reflected lights are the candles of the rabbits to cheer them through the cold dark winter.

"All the things hung on the rafters look very mysterious up there in the flickering dark. There are strings of onions, nets full of dried vegetables, hams and salt fish. Olli's sheepskin-lined coat and fur cap hang there, too, and Katri's bright-colored Sunday dress.

"While they learn their lessons the mother works about the room. She sweeps it with a broom made of birch twigs. Then she sprinkles sweet smelling needles of the cypress tree on the floor. She scrubs the tables and chairs, all made of unpainted pine wood, with water and sand.

"Olli and Paavo and Katri put their lesson books away when the mother says, 'Come, children, we must prepare the evening meal.' Then Olli and Paavo move benches up to the long table near the center of the room. Katri puts the rye bread and butter on the table and fills a big pitcher with milk. The mother cooks the potatoes and the salt fish.

"Then the father comes in with the milk. An icy blast of air sweeps into the room through the open door. 'Br'rr,' says the father as he shakes the snow from his cap and long sheepskin-lined coat.



PART OF THE STEAM BATH IS A GOOD SWITCHING

"Before eating they wash their hands and faces. The father says grace. Everyone is very hungry. My, how good the rye bread and milk and salt fish taste! For dessert there is usually a creamy curd, made of curdled milk, with powdered ginger and sugar sprinkled on it.

"After the dishes are washed and put away the whole family goes to bed in the sleeping room. Olli and Katri and Paavo take off all their clothes except their undershirts. They hang their clothes carefully on the rafters. In the winter it is pitch dark and very cold when they wake up in the morning.

"Everyone in Finland looks forward to the spring. Early in April they begin to count each little trickling stream which seems to promise the disappearance of the snow and ice. Then it snows again and spring seems far away. But the days grow longer and longer.

"Then one night after watching the sun set at eight o'clock they go to bed thinking spring will never come and wake up to find that it has arrived. The birch trees show a tinge of green. The grass tries to pry its way through the blanket of snow. On the way to school the children

are very glad to discover patches of bare earth.

"After school the children go into the woods to gather fresh birch twigs. They love the birch tree more than they love any other tree in the forest. It is a kind friend, always giving them gifts. The leaves furnish many a crisp delicious meal for the cattle. The twigs are made into brooms and bath whisks. The wood is burned as fuel. The bark is used to make cups.

"Sometimes, too, in a bad season the bark is mixed with rye meal to make bread. There is a story about this which Olli and Paavo and Katri love to hear!

"Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife on a little farm in Finland. When the long spring days came the farmer plowed his field and planted it with rye. But when the slender green spikes of the grain came poking up through the ground the melting snowdrifts washed half of them away. Autumn came and the frost took the remainder. Then the wife wailed and said that beggars they must be. But the man said, 'Mix the bark with the rye meal we have left, to make our bread.'

"The next year the same thing happened. The

melting snowdrifts and the frost destroyed the crop. Once more the wife wailed. But the man said, 'Put double the amount of bark with the rye meal to make our bread.'

"The next year was a good year. The grain sprouted and grew tall and yellow. The farmer had a good harvest. Then the woman was very happy. She said to her husband, 'Now I need to mix bark with the meal no longer.' But the man said, 'Mix bark with the meal as before because our *neighbor* has had a bad harvest. We must share our meal with him.'

"Most people in Finland are like the farmer in the story. They make good neighbors."

Uncle Peter rose from his chair. "It's time you were asleep," he said.

"It's still light," grumbled Tom.

In Finland in the summertime," said Uncle Peter, "they have to hang a dark cloth over their windows to keep out the sunlight when they go to bed. Olli and Katri and Paavo can truly sympathize with the child in Stevenson's poem:

*In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day."*

TALE OF THE AFRICAN RAIN MAKER

THE SONG OF THE SEVENTH RAINDROP

*Once I shivered in the light
Upon a water lily pad,
And saw a hunter and his lad
Chase a grinning crocodile
Right across the River Nile.*

“Boom, boom, boom,” the sound of the tom toms echoed through the jungle. The chief of the tribe was going to make rain. Beola and Kamba were at the spring drawing water when they heard the sound of the tom toms. The water in the spring was very low. They tried not to spill a drop from the pottery bowls which they balanced on their heads. Kamba’s pet goat did not know that water was scarce. He tried to butt Kamba and make him spill the water. A few drops of water spilled over on Kamba’s pet parrot who was riding on his master’s shoulder.

The sound of the tom toms grew louder. First

the children heard the deep "boom boom" of the great big drum. Then they heard the lighter "boom boom" of the big drum's smaller drum wife. Last of all they heard the high squeaky "boom boom" of the big drum's little prime minister drum.

Among the trunks of the coconut palm trees in the jungle men were running to answer the call of the drums. They wore tanned skin tunics of a soft brown color fastened on one shoulder. They looked like shadows flickering in and out among the trees.

Kamba and Beola started to run too. Beola caught her foot in a sprawling vine and fell flat, spilling all her water. It didn't matter. Wasn't the chief about to make rain? Soon there would be plenty of water in the spring. At last they reached the village fence. It was made of thorny mimosa branches. It was built around the huts to protect the people from lions and other wild animals that prowl about at night.

Kamba and Beola wriggled through a small opening in the fence. They went to their hut to leave their water pots. The hut was made of river reeds and mud and was shaped something like a

haycock. Inside there were a great many posts which held up the thatched roof. The hut was divided into two sections with a curtain of grass cloth. In one section the goats were stabled and in the other the family slept.

The village of grass huts was deserted. All the people of the tribe were on the hillside to watch the chief make rain. Kamba and Beola were among the last to reach the hill. The chief of the tribe who was also the rain maker squatted near the top of the hill. He wore a crown of feathers on his head and about his neck were strings of bones and teeth. His body was painted with all sorts of strange pictures. Between his feet he held a pottery bowl. In this bowl were his famous rain stones of rock crystal and amethyst. Another bowl stood near by filled with water.

Now the time for the rain-making ceremony had come. The chief plunged the rain stones into the bowl of water. Then he stood up holding a peeled cane, split at the top, in his right hand. With this cane he beckoned to some clouds which were hovering on the horizon. He muttered prayers to the Rain God as he beckoned with the cane.

Surely, thought Kamba, the clouds began to move. Yes, they were moving across the sky toward the village. It was going to rain. The people of the tribe began to dance and sing. They ran toward the village. Thunder rumbled far off on the hills. Beola and Kamba ran as fast as they could. In the village they would be safe from the lightning. Were there not grass ropes strung from hut to hut especially to protect the people from the sky fires?

Soon the rain came; it rushed down in a torrent. When the storm passed the air was cool. The rainy season had begun. No wonder the chief of the tribe was rich. He was such a good rain maker that he received presents from the whole tribe. The people of the tribe were farmers. If the rain did not come at the proper time the crops would not grow. This would mean a time of famine and great hardships. So the rain maker was a very great person indeed.

Some there were who had gone to school down at the mission who said that the chief did not make the rain come. They said that the chief knew the time of the rainy season and used his magic when the clouds were already in the sky.

Kamba and Beola had not yet gone to school. They were going soon to one of the little bush schools in their neighborhood. This school was kept by a lady from the mission. In school Beola was to learn how to sew and cook and keep the hut clean. Kamba wanted to learn to be a carpenter and work for the mission people. He liked to make things. Already he had helped his father make a canoe out of a tree trunk. The father had promised to take Beola and Kamba fishing on the Nile in the canoe when the rains came.

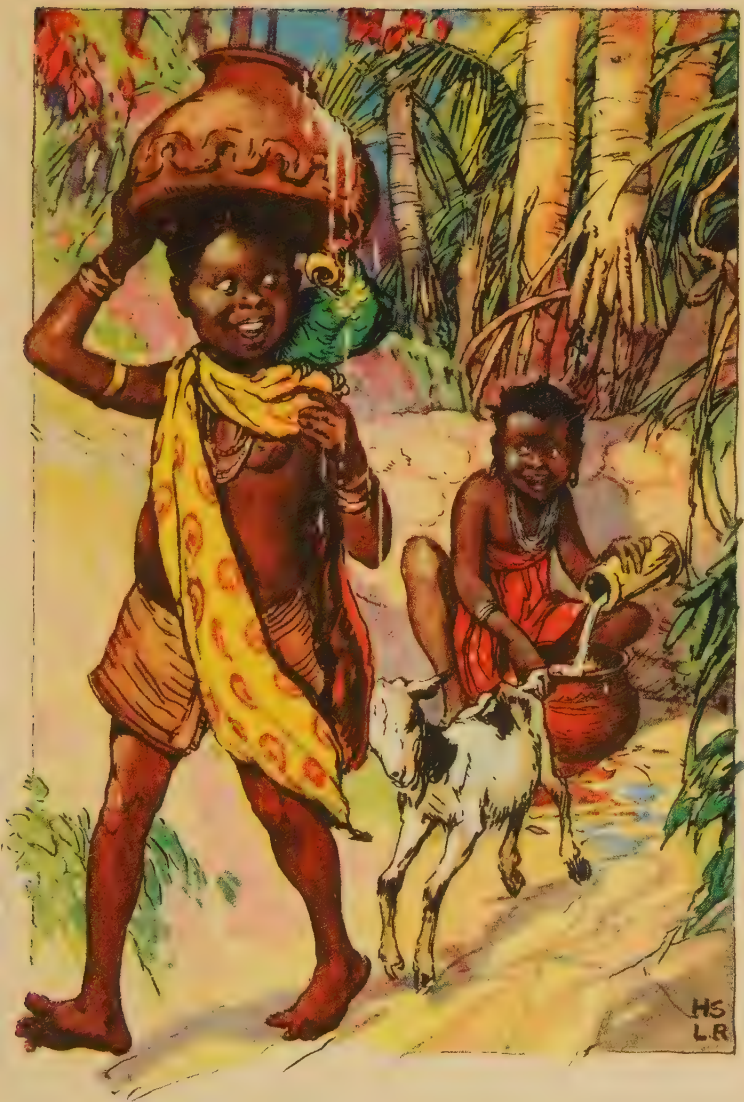
The father did not hunt in the rainy season. He fished and sometimes he and the other men helped the women cultivate the fields of maize and sweet potatoes which grew in a small circle of land about the village. When the ground was worn out the men cut and burned the brush on another patch of ground, where the women could plant and harvest the crops.

On the night after the first rain fell there was a dance in the center of the village. The drummer beat the tom toms again to call the people from all the neighboring farms. The sky was black with storm clouds passing down the River Nile which has its headwaters in the country of Kam-

ba and Beola. The man who beat the tom toms wore a crown of red and green feathers. He had a piece of skin about his waist and feather bands about his arms and ankles. His feet and arms were painted. The three drums which he pounded were made of hollowed pieces of wood with ox hides stretched across the open ends. As he stood in the light of a huge fire, with his arms flapping over the drums he looked like a strange bird.

The men of the tribe started to dance in a big circle. They made an awful hubbub shaking dry gourds, blowing horns, knocking pieces of wood together, singing and shouting. They were naked except for a piece of grass cloth about their waists. Their bodies were painted in all sorts of odd patterns. They wore feathers in their hair. Around and around they danced at high speed. Then the women joined the dancers. They whirled around in front of the men. They wore strings of beads around their necks, a great many metal bracelets on their arms, and rings in their ears.

The mother of Beola and Kamba carried her baby in a cloth tightly wrapped about her body. The baby slept through all the noise. It was a



KAMBA GIVES PET PARROT AN UNEXPECTED SHOWER BATH

long time, however, before the rest of the people went to sleep.

Although Kamba and Beola and their parents had stayed up late they were astir early in the morning. The days were very hot and the best time for work was early morning. The late afternoons and evenings were the time for play.

The mother cooked the breakfast before an open fire outside the hut. She cooked a mush made of ground maize in a pot hung over the fire. The children ate the mush from the cooking pot with wooden spoons. They also had peanuts and plantain, a banana-like fruit. After breakfast the father said he would take Kamba and Beola fishing. About their waists they wore strips of grass cloth called loin cloths.

The canoe was hidden in the papyrus swamp on the shore of the river. On the way to the river the three passed a stream swollen by the rain. There was a fine swimming hole at one place in the stream.

When Kamba and Beola saw the swimming hole, they shouted, "Yip, yip, yip." They tumbled into the hole without taking off their loin cloths. They splashed and paddled around and bathed.

Then they went on to the river and found the canoe. Kamba helped his father push it out into the stream. Along the edges of the stream the water was thick with lily pads. In the swamps along the shore the papyrus reeds thrust their great fanlike crests into the air. The ancient Egyptians pressed the stalks of this swamp reed into thin sheets on which they wrote their records. Our word "paper" comes from papyrus.

The father paddled the canoe out into the stream. He caught the fish by spearing them with a long iron-tipped spear. The fish were put into great wickerwork baskets. Kamba and Beola paddled the boat from one fishing place to another. They saw all sorts of creatures in the water. There were little baby hippos riding on their mothers' backs. There were crocodiles sunning themselves on the bank. As the boat came along they slipped into the water without making a sound. Once the children saw a little bird called the ziczac, sitting inside the mouth of a crocodile cleaning the crocodile's teeth. The crocodile seemed to like it. They saw another crocodile catch a fish and then open its mouth and grin. As he grinned the fish jumped out

of the crocodile's mouth back into the river.

They came to a stream which flowed into the Nile. The father turned the canoe up this stream. There were no crocodiles on the banks and so the father let the children wade in to see if they could catch fish with their hands. The father showed them how. He waded into the water up to his knees. He stood very still until a fish swam by. Then he snatched it out of the water with his bare hands. He caught ten fish in this way.

Then he let Kamba try. Kamba could not keep still long enough to catch a fish. When he saw one coming he began to wiggle with excitement. Of course the fish dodged out of the way. He did not catch a single fish. Beola had better luck. She kept very still just once and snatched at the fish at the proper time. She was so surprised to feel the slippery, wriggling fish that she almost let it fall. But the father caught it just in time and popped it into the basket. Before they went home they bathed again in the stream. The cold water felt fine on their hot bodies! They washed their loin cloths too, in the stream. The cloths dried very quickly in the tropical heat.

Kamba and Beola and their father and mother

and the other people of the tribe had clean bodies because they took a dip every time they were near a stream or pool. But they did not keep their huts very clean. In the schools the children were being taught by the mission teachers that sickness would not visit their villages so often if they would keep their huts and their surroundings clean.

When the children and the father reached home the mother boiled the fish and they had a fine supper. Then the children went to bed. They lay on the ground in their hut. They could hear the goats rustling in the hay through the grass cloth curtain.

Before they went to sleep another storm burst over the village. The water slid silently from the thatched roof of the hut and spattered in puddles on the ground. Lightning flashed through the trees of the nearby jungle and thunder rolled across the hills. Truly the tribe had a great rain maker for a chief.

A SPOTLESS HOME OF HOLLAND

THE SONG OF THE EIGHTH RAINDROP

*Once I helped to wash a pig
On a tidy Holland path.
How he wiggled in his bath!
Oh, his most pathetic cries
When the soap got in his eyes!*

"Jan is coming today! Jan is coming today!" sang Katrynke.

"Yes," said the mother, "and Cousin Hans is coming too, and Uncle Vanderpoel. Dress quickly, Katrynke, for we must clean the house." Katrynke climbed down from her little cupboard bed. Such a funny bed it was! It was built right into the wall of the kitchen. Going to bed in the country of Katrynke was like going to bed on a big wide closet shelf! Katrynke put on her wooden shoes and three petticoats and a waist and a white-winged cap like her mother's.

The mother was getting breakfast on the stove. The stove was funny, too. The back of it was

made of blue and white tiles, with pictures of ships and houses and ducks on them. There were holes in the lower flat part of the stove in which turf burned. The mother made the fire in the holes brighter by blowing it with bellows. A shelf jutted out over the stove. From this shelf hung pots on chains over the fire holes. In one of the pots oatmeal porridge was cooking for breakfast.

Katrynke ate breakfast in the kitchen. The mother dished out her porridge in a pretty white bowl. The bowl had a picture of a blue windmill on it. The father had bought the bowl in Delft where the blue and white pottery is made.

Katrynke was so excited she could hardly eat. Her brother Jan had been visiting Uncle and Aunt Vanderpoel in Leyden. Now he was coming home. After breakfast the mother said, "Now we must make everything clean." If we had been there I am sure we should have said that everything *was* clean. But, dear me, the mother did not think so. She got out her heather broom and dust pan, her scrub brushes and her dust cloths. She told Katrynke to make the beds. Katrynke took the pillows out of doors and gave them a

good shaking. She punched up the feather beds and smoothed out the linen sheets and drew the pretty patchwork coverlets over them. Then she drew the curtains in front of the beds, all except the spare bed which was kept for company. The curtain of this was looped back so that the beautiful embroidered coverlet could be seen.

The mother scrubbed the red tiles of the kitchen floor until they shone. She dusted the chairs and scrubbed the table. Then she and Katrynke carried all the brass pans and jugs out to the yard. Katrynke rubbed and rubbed the brass until it glittered in the sunlight.

The mother scrubbed the doorstep and the brick path that led up to it. She took a long handled mop and washed down the front of the house. She reached every crack and corner. Then she washed the windows. The trunk of the poplar tree in the yard had been whitewashed and the mother scrubbed this too, and put on some fresh whitewash.

“Now, Katrynke,” she called, “fetch the cow.”

Buttercup, the cow, lived in the house with the family, but she had a little red-tiled room all to herself. This room was scrubbed every morning

until it shone. The cow had a cold bath every morning, too.

Katrynke led Buttercup out into the yard, and tied her to the poplar tree. Then she ran to fetch a pail of water and a scrubbing brush. The cow stood quietly while Katrynke scrubbed her from head to feet. Katrynke had to stand on a stool to reach the cow's head. She polished Buttercup's horns and even washed her ears. Buttercup did not like to have her ears washed. She flapped them and switched her tail. "Stand still, Buttercup," said Katrynke. When the cow was scrubbed clean, Katrynke tied a bell about her neck with a blue ribbon. Now she was all ready for the day.

Katrynke took Buttercup to pasture while the mother cooked the dinner. To reach the pasture she had to cross a bridge over the canal which ran in front of the house. Beyond the canal rose the great wall, or dyke, which helps to keep the ocean out of Holland. Just think, the fishes swimming at the top of the sea were higher than Katrynke's head as she walked to the pasture. The ships were even with the roof of her house. The roof was very high and made of red tile. A platform was built on top of it and there a stork had

built its nest. Katrynke was very proud to have a stork family living on the roof because the Dutch people believe that storks bring good luck.

There were so many things to see along the canal banks that it was hard for Katrynke to pay attention to Buttercup. Looking out over the flat green fields she could see many windmills flapping their white wings in the wind. The windmills looked like a great flock of sea gulls just settling down on the land. These windmills are always sucking up water from the land in Holland and dumping it into the canals.

Then Katrynke saw far away a ship which looked as if it were sailing through the green fields like the ship in the fairy tale that sails on land as well as on water. But Katrynke knew that it was a really truly ship sailing along the canal to the city of Haarlem.

Then along came a barge loaded with oats hauled by a team of horses walking on the bank. A man sat on the barge smoking a pipe and a woman walked by the horses to keep them in order. A barge loaded with hay went by next. A woman, a boy and a dog, all harnessed together, drew the barge. The boy and the woman were



JAN WALKS OVER MIETJE'S CLEAN PAVEMENT

bent almost double as they shuffled along in their wooden shoes pulling the heavy barge through the water.

An empty barge came by from the opposite direction. A woman was hanging clothes on a clothesline stretched from one end of the barge to the other. The deck had been scoured until it shone in the sunlight.

It was dinner time before Katrynke got back from the pasture. She took off her wooden shoes and placed them on the top step before entering the kitchen. Then the father came up the brick path. He had been packing tulip and narcissus bulbs to send to America. He, too, took off his wooden shoes at the doorstep. He looked at the mother with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think you would like to pick me up at the door-sill and set me down by the table," he said to the mother. Then they both laughed. Katrynke laughed too. She knew what the father meant. It was an old story about a fat gentleman who went to call on a lady of Amsterdam. The door was opened by a stout Dutch lass who said, "Yes, sir, Mevrouw is at home, but your shoes are not very clean." Then without another word she

picked up the gentleman, slung him across her back and carried him through the long hall to the foot of the stairs. She put him down on the bottom step and dashed off. The man was so astonished that he sat there quietly until the maid came back with a pair of slippers. Then she spoke again, "Mevrouw is above and you may go up."

There were onions for dinner and cabbage boiled with pork and potatoes. There was plenty of milk, too. After dinner the mother said it was time to wash and dress and put on their best clothes. Katrynke had her face scoured until it looked like a shiny red apple. The mother was so used to cleaning out the crannies in the house wall that she forgot ears are not made of stone. But Katrynke never said "Ow" once. She was a little Dutch girl and knew the importance of being clean.

Then Katrynke put on ever so many petticoats. A pretty red one was on the outside. Her blouse had tight short sleeves and her fine white linen kerchief was embroidered with flowers. Over her outside petticoat she wore a beautiful apron of handmade lace.

Then she tied a tight-fitting cap over her hair.

Vanderpoel, "we enjoyed his visit very much."

"Aye, no doubt," said the mother. "Away with you children, now, while I talk to the uncle."

Jan and Katrynke took Hans out to show him over their father's flower farm. They took him to visit Buttercup in the pasture, too. At five o'clock they went back to the house for tea. The table in the kitchen was spread with the best linen cloth in honor of Uncle Vanderpoel. The silver which the mother had polished that morning was as shiny as the little new crescent moon. There was a great plate of honey cake on the table and a round yellow cheese which had been oiled until it looked like a yellow pumpkin. Pats of fresh butter sat on a pretty blue dish and the teapot stood on a square tile with a picture of a stork on it. There was a stone jug of buttermilk, too, for the children. It was a grand tea party.

Uncle Vanderpoel thought it was, you may be sure. He laughed and talked and told jokes. Katrynke leaned against his knee. "Tell us a story," she said. Uncle Vanderpoel pinched her fat rosy cheek. "Tell about how the ocean saved the city of Leyden when the Spaniards were besieging it," begged Jan.

"Yes, yes," said Katrynke. The children always loved this story. It made them feel very proud of their country. This is the story Uncle Vanderpoel told:

More than 300 years ago the fierce soldiers of Spain were trying to take the city of Leyden. For days and weeks and months the Spanish soldiers camped about the city. The people in the city were starving. All day and all night the children cried for food. The people ate dogs and rats. They picked the leaves from the trees and ate them. Still the people in the city would not open their gates to the Spanish soldiers.

Then one day some carrier pigeons flew into the city. Rolled about their slender little legs were messages from the Prince of Orange, the brave leader of the Dutch, saying that the dykes which kept the ocean from flowing over the land were to be cut. These dykes were twenty-two miles away but if they were cut the ocean would flood the land right up to the city walls and drive away the Spanish soldiers. This meant that many cattle would be drowned and great fields of grain would be ruined. But the Dutch people did not mind losing their grain, if only they could save the

AFTER THE RAIN

And now the rain is over,
And bees are in the clover,
And now our book is ended,
And all our rhymes expended.

*Oh, rain that makes us clean,
And all the meadows green;
Oh, lovely singing rain
Upon the window pane,
Come back again to bless
Our lives with cleanliness.*

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

SCHOOL SERVICE

45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.



SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

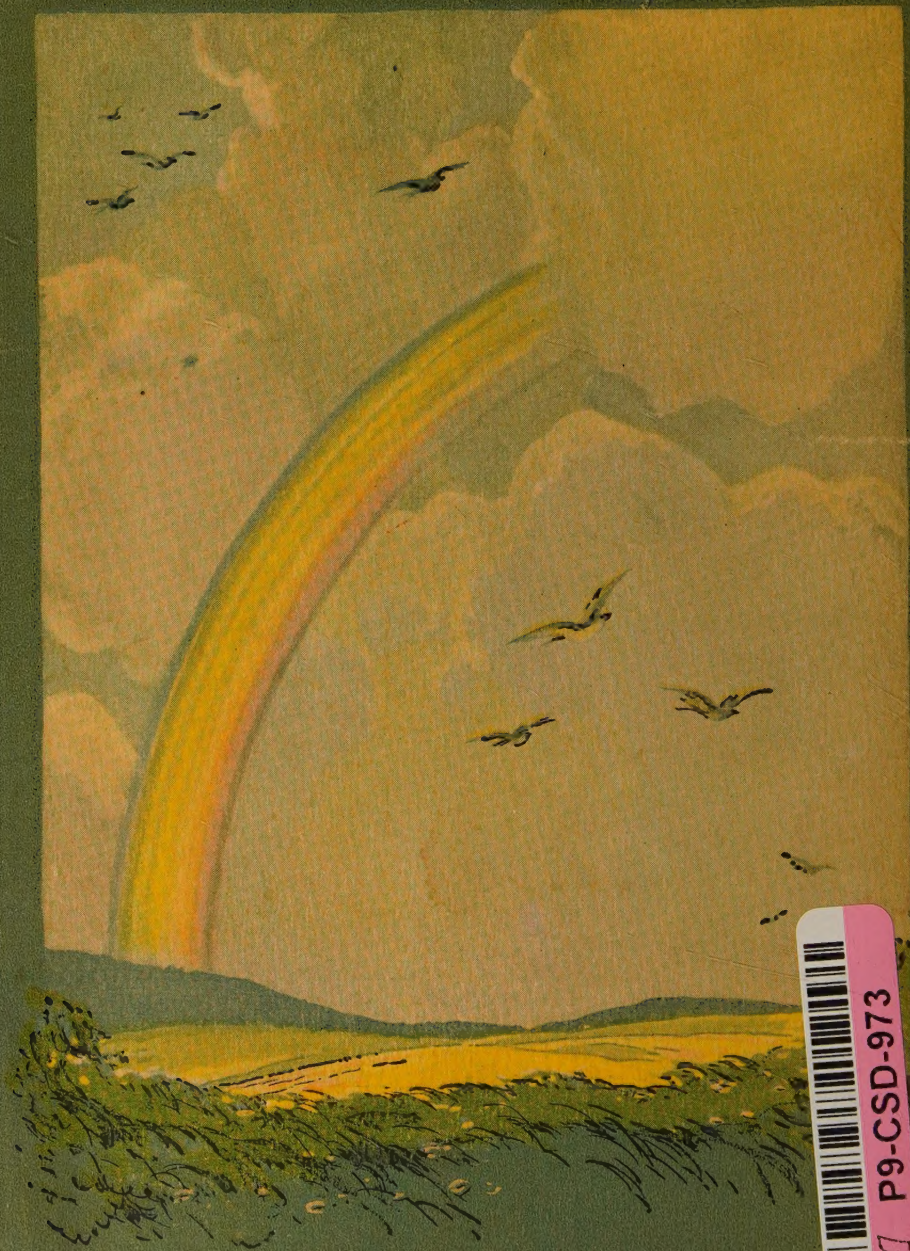
After the Rain—Sold at cost; postage or express prepaid, as follows: Paper cover, 25c each. In quantities 25 to 1,000, 15c each; 1,000 or more, 11c each.

The Animal Way—Cleanliness customs of animals, by Jean Broadhurst, for kindergarten, first, and second grades.

The Judd Family—A story of cleanliness in three centuries, by Mary Alden Hopkins and Alice Mary Kimball, for sixth and seventh grades.

A Tale of Soap and Water—The historical progress of cleanliness, by Grace T. Hallock, for seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

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